

## Chora

by Wenona Jonker

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In the moments before a storm  
Of air holding its breath  
Of agitated trees that whisper  
Quietly to soil restless for drink  
Whispers of hopes  
When we balance between expecting and expected  
And feel it build with atmospheric pressure  
Potential energy  
And then like a deep  
Breath out  
All at once emptied  
The smell of hot, wet ground  
Of sky and earth  
There to breathe  
And to help us breathe  
If we plant our feet  
Like trees with inky leaves  
Wet with promises

I wonder if there is a whole life  
Caught up  
In the moment before rain  
In letting sky and earth  
Be pregnant with us  
Or if a poem  
Is nothing but the middle space  
Between expecting and expected  
Through which all passes  
But nothing is retained  
Prior to birth  
After language  
If we live not merely hoping  
And having hopes answered

But always inhaling  
Always exhaling